

Janet Jackson, God's Stepchild

Gotta story for you
'Bout a little friend
Never felt good enough
Had a heart to mend
Never felt pretty
Learned to just pretend
Wished someone had listened
To her cries of pain

Maybe I'm the lucky one
Maybe the forgotten one
Maybe, but I know
I'm not God's stepchild

Didn't want to burden
Mother had enough stress
So often I'd talk to you
Through my four legged friends
Always there to listen
Though I felt so all alone
And in my times of trouble
I know
You saw my smile of pain

Maybe I'm the lucky one
Maybe the forgotten one
Maybe, but I know
I'm not God's stepchild
Maybe I'm the lucky one
Maybe the forgotten one
Maybe, but I know I'm not God's stepchild

Now that I am older
Gone through so much pain
I learned that I should love me
No more feeling ashamed
I've seen the great illusions
I've seen the rough terrain
I've walked through my own journey
And my love for you remains

Maybe I'm the lucky one
Maybe the forgotten one
Maybe, but I know
I'm not God's stepchild
Maybe I'm the lucky one
Maybe the forgotten one
Maybe, but I know
I'm not God's stepchild

I know I'm the lucky one
I know I'm a special one
I know, that God does
Not have a stepchild